

# Wife Tells Bug Trial Of Landlord's Visits

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LACONIA, N.H., Jan. 27 (day to chat. Mrs. Hamberger said this made her uncomfortable.

One day after her husband had left to return to work after lunch, she testified that she got a telephone call from Eastman, who said something about getting together.

Her first reaction was to laugh it off, Mrs. Hamberger said, but the more she thought about it, the more she decided Eastman was serious. So she told her husband about the call.

Earlier, a former Gilford police officer told how he was called to the Hamberger house Oct. 9, 1962, to find the couple "definitely upset about something."

Dale Smith, an aircraft pilot and mechanic now in Newport, Vt., said Hamberger took him to the cellar, removed a portion of the heating duct, and pointed to a speaker in the rafter behind the duct.

Smith then told how they traced the wires from the cellar, underground to a chicken coop, and finally to the Eastman house. An expert testified earlier in the trial that such a speaker can easily be converted to pick up sounds.

Under cross examination from Defense Attorney Hugh H. Bownes, Smith said he didn't go to the Eastman house because he didn't feel Hamberger was "in any frame of mind to call on Mr. Eastman."

Smith said he was off-duty and didn't follow up as a police officer because no criminal offense was involved, although he did mention the matter to his chief.

She told the jury that the landlord, Clifford C. Eastman, noticed that she was wearing a sweater and "told me he liked what was in the sweater."

Mrs. Hamberger and her husband, Carl, are suing Eastman for \$125,000 in damages in an invasion-of-privacy suit. The Hamburgers say they found a listening device beneath the hot-air register in their bedroom.

Since a speaker rigged to act as a microphone was found in the cellar rafters in October, 1962, the Hamburgers have moved from the area and now live in Barrington, R.I.

Today the former Mae Labonte, a 30-year-old mother of four, came back to her hometown area to tell of the early years of her married life in nearby Gilford. It was her father who arranged for the young couple to rent a house from his friend, Eastman, a poultry farmer and respected family man.

When she took the stand late this afternoon, Mae sobbed quietly as she recalled how her husband and she "didn't have everything but we had love" and were happy. They had a rule, she said, never to go to bed angry.

She said that Eastman, whose house was nearby, frequently stopped in during the